

Twilight and Port Canaveral

**darkens as pelicans haunt
for fish bits shoved by**

**flashing gutters,
their knives. I**

**drink a Bud mid shy generic
birds tracing crumbs from
my crackers, and honey-**

**mooners wrapped like green-
er deities of myth. Crow enters,
flaunting iridescence, splits**

**our scene for sea lights
to float in, lift-**

**ing all of us, just so,
past afterglow.**